My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my unspotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse,
Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers!
That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lov'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good

Good sooth, I care not for you.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the sinnes they love to act,
T'would braid your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarches do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eyes, to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole cast
Copt hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Iove* stray, who dares say, *Iove* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All love the wombe that their being bred,
Then give my tongue leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceede to counsell of your dayes;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree,
As your faire selfe, doth tune us otherwise:
Fortie dayes longer we doe respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shewes, wee'l joy in such a sonne:
And untill then, your entertaine shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How courtesie would seeme to cover sinne,

When